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to submit

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layout & editing

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Front Cover by
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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HANK:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



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This is a terrible way to run a
newspaper.

Quote Attributed to Abby Ohlheiser

"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN READING, THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. BASTARD?"

Editorial

Apparently NBC and CBS are refusing to air an advertisement by the United Church of Christ because its inclusive (READ: "pro-gay") message is "too controversial". Take your fingers out of your ears and stop humming; I think that this issue should be of at least a little interest to all of us, even we non-believers and heathens here in the waiting room for Hell.

The ad, found on a UCC website (www.stillspeaking.com) and airing on a number of major networks, depicts a stone church with two bodyguards standing on the steps. They turn away many of the people standing in the large crowd awaiting admittance. Among those turned away are a gay couple. The message, "Jesus didn't turn people away. Neither do we", flashes on the screen. Then there's some "we love everybody" shit where they show pictures of Asian children hugging Caucasian children and a lesbian couple and old people and young people of all different colors(!) and the narrator tells you that the UCC welcomes anybody, at any "point on their journey". It's a bit too "It's a Small World" for my tastes, but the positive message, I think, is heartening in some sense.

Question:

Since when has "we allow anybody to join us, as long as they want to" been too controversial? Is it because the ad is from a faith-based community? I hope not. Even though I hate listening to Bush so much as mutter the word "God" in a political speech, I was under the impression that a paid advertisement on a television network falls under a different category. If the

UCC wants to reach out to do disillusioned Christians though television, they should be allowed to do that. There's Catholic network on my cable service in Connecticut that likes to tell its viewers quite a different message.

It's not as if the UCC is a small organization trying to get on their feet. The organization as it exists today was founded in 1957 by a number of reform Protestant movements, notably the Congregationalists. It is a strong organization with a formidable presence in the United States.

The UCC is reporting that their merchandise for their "God is still listening" campaign (of which the commercial is a part) has been "flying off the shelves" since the rejection of the ad by NBC and CBS. It's as if those Christians who agree with the UCC's message are frantic to find some way of (literally) labeling themselves as something other than the Bush-loving, gay-bashing, snake-handling Christian blamed by many for Bush's re-election. It's sort of a "don't look at me - I didn't do it!" reaction, sort of like the reaction of New England and the west coast to the international response to the election. You've all seen the online maps that redraw the United States into "Jesusland" (the red states) and "New Canada" (the blue states), or sorryeverybody.com, where Americans have taken pictures of themselves holding handwritten apologies to the rest of the world for the election results. At the same time, both reactions - I think - are a cry of "Please, the rest of America/the rest of the world, don't forget about us! We agree with you even though the label of Christian/American sort of has a different meaning at the moment! Don't

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policy

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

CHICKEN SEX, RACE POLITICS, AND THE LITTLER GUY

Sometime last semester, I humbly conjectured that *The Common Pernicious Ignorance* (CPI) has been, is, and will continue to be the source of all mankind's problems. Not surprisingly, owing to its loose definition as *the corpus mundi of all things stupid*, this theory has continued to hold. Unfortunately, I've received insufficient adulation for identifying the source of all mankind's suffering, which in itself goes to prove my theory.

That said, this semester has had its fair share of CPI and I've recently noticed something preposterously inane that I'd like to bring to your attention. First off, I think it's wonderful that many students are actively involved in uncovering and disseminating information about the injustices of corporations, politicians etc... But, the inanity here is the manner in which some students choose to go about expressing this information.

One vehicle of expression appears to be graffiti on elevator walls. Now, it's all very nice to say funny things and make people laugh, but most of this elevator graffiti is pretty insipid and it appears the only thing humorous about them is their purposelessness. So, why do people write these things?

Kesara – a good friend of mine from back home – and I recently decided to 'geek' this subject out, and we found it's a little like a relationship. Here is what we decided: As with any subject matter (or person), it appears there are 'initial ideas'

that tend to attract people to the subject (the equivalent of good looks) but from here I feel there are people who will be inspired by these ideas and seek out further information about them (personality) and there are others who will 'satisfy' themselves (that's right) with these initial ideas until they finally realize there's more to the subject. (i.e. Life)

While these initial ideas are exciting, enjoyable and often contain grains of truth, impetuously preaching these ideas without additional consideration runs the risk of making you look silly, or worse, annoying.

My friend skillfully summed this up as being tantamount to 'having sex with your chickens before they've hatched.' I then thought it fitting that such inanity is worthy of being referred to as 'chicken sex.'

Now, I'm not saying that individuals should be denied the right to *chicken sex*. To the contrary, I find it amusing and I'm overwhelmingly in favor of people doing whatever they want so long as it doesn't come at the expense of someone else. After all, children fall victim to *chicken sex* all the time, and I'd go so far as to say that it's cute. But, well, they grow up.

That, however, is not the case with some students here. Unbeknownst to many, *chicken sex* graffiti – much like the hair that accumulates around the drain piece of many a mod bathtub – does not mysteriously disappear. Rather, there's an elderly

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by A. Nilesh Fernando

IS IRAQ A SMART IDEA? I DIDN'T USED TO THINK SO

I remember the talk of the lunch table when I was working as a mechanical engineer. I never did get comfortable changing to white collar (in this case, light blue), so I spent as much time as I could in the shop and out of the office. Lunchtime was no exception. The unwritten rule of any blue collar personal situation is this: keep it superficial. Don't get too personal, because nothing good will ever come of it. Put in a more basic way: keep lunch light, it is supposed to be a break.

For the most part, this popular blue-collar social norm was observed faithfully. The exception to this was in the area of politics, especially in this particular shop. There was one guy who would listen to nothing but right wing AM talk radio. I myself have never been a big Limbaugh fan. I find even his voice to be irritating. His predictable rants and the "liberal" this "liberal" that pattern of his commentary is no better than the "conservative" this and that ranting of Jim Hightower. If Ron wanted to listen to it on his radio however, that was his right, and I can respect that. In fact, if I needed to do so, I would die fighting to protect that right. Ron wasn't the kind of person to let a sleeping dog lie though. He just had to provoke a political discussion with me.

There were several of these provocations, and most of them I handily deflected. In fact, it was nearly a sport. But as anyone who knows me knows, I can't resist a debate for long. One of

the first issues I bit on was the motorcycle helmet law in Connecticut. My reasoning was this: if a motorcyclist shouldn't have to wear a helmet, why should a car passenger have to wear a seatbelt? The result of my input into this discussion of the helmet law was instant attack. I anticipated this though. Here is some history explaining my anticipation.

For awhile, the rumor floating was that I may have been gay. You see, I would always wash my hands after using the restroom or before I ate, among other evidence. Also, a few times one of my male friends with an eyebrow piercing would stop by when it was quitting time, and we would go somewhere, leaving my car behind. Obviously to Ron, I was a liberal, and everything that went with it according to Rush Limbaugh. Ron was waiting for a chance to call me out on it. He never did seem to like it that I would never allow him to tell me what to do at work, and now was his chance to prove something. I gave him that chance by speaking up about the helmet law.

Unfortunately for him, he didn't see what I had planned. So, the heated attack about the helmet and the seatbelt laws ensued. Apparently, they assumed (as I had predicted) that I was a card-carrying liberal socialist, out to force the government onto the heads of motorcycle enthusiasts. It started with Ron, and eventually drew in two more. I remained persistent in exposing the hypocrisy of the two pieces of legislation. It was

argued against me passionately and with great frustration, that the seatbelt law was flawed. I was unable to get a word in edgewise, while unbeknownst to my would-be adversaries, I agreed with them on this. The government has no more business telling me to wear my seatbelt than they do telling me how small to safely cut my food before eating it (although my coworkers were incapable of articulating their position even as well as my crude comparison). I had lured them into the trap, now was the time to entice them with bait. Would they bite at such incongruent and obvious bait, or would they detect the trap, and proceed with caution?

It seems now appropriate to commend my co-workers who were faithfully resisting any potential temptation, and instead practicing the social norm of keeping conversation superficial and or amorphous (i.e. preemptively respectful). They acted as if the four of us were in a parallel universe, silent and invisible. Eventually I, recently referred to as a "pinko (homosexual and or communist)", found an opening to speak. Rather than come out of the closet with my actual opinion, I decided to deploy the bait: "If we all just drove a compact car like a Hyundai, we could save so much fuel."

This change in subject is typical among the socialist set. In this case, it was bait however. They didn't just take the bait, they tore it up like [insert Socialist here] given an American flag and no

by David Morganson

witnesses. The historical context referenced by my coworkers was that cheap import cars were only let into the country after safety regulations were lowered in order to allow them in. The emotional opinion was that they should be forcefully banned, as they are prone to severe deformation in the event of a collision. The cheap sheet metal they are made from lends itself to deformation on impact leading to passenger fatality. This has been a filtered, distilled, and condensed version of the reply I received. The actual reply was very heated and emotional (embarrassingly so in my opinion).

And down swung the gate. I asked: "Are you telling me that a vehicle that is so severely prone to collision, that offers so little passenger protection, and generally has an obnoxious exhaust system should be forcefully banned by the government?" The affirmative replies of my coworkers were empathic and resounding. They were so smug to have seemingly won by force. They had no idea of the lesson in logic and caution that this trap was designed to teach. "Absolutely, you think the government should ban based on that?" I reaffirmed. They agreed, and it was time to turn on the lights.

"Well, I guess Ron had better go outside and confiscate your motorcycle" I said to Ken, Ron's most forceful and vocal ally. You see, Ken had driven his motorcycle to work that day. Their blood was up and, the reasoning didn't sink in for a minute. Not until one of the quiet guys started laughing so loud that it was almost startling did they know what had just happened. There is no vehicle that matches the description of the would-be

banned vehicles (loud and dangerous in a crash) more closely than an antique Harley Davidson. It didn't end there though. It never does, and I wouldn't want it to. I don't set out to defeat; it isn't the issue I am interested in, but the procedure itself I hope to teach. You see, I don't believe that understanding can be had by impartation. I believe it is a means rather than an end. I provide outlet for the means. I didn't need my coworkers to admit they were wrong about their zeal in calling for a ban, restricting the rights of individuals to choose for themselves. The point I was trying to make is that it is wrong

to rush to oppress the choices of
Between Communism
at home, and Islamic
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attack.

others. If the topic is restricting freedom, there had better be a damn good reason for it. This process of logic is alien to many people, not just "liberals".

The argument turned to the debate over whether motorcycle owners were better drivers, and therefore exempt. My rebuttal was that this would call for more government determination, and a larger bureaucracy than even the present Department of Motor Vehicles and Federal level oversight. You see, the argument for protection always leads to bigger and bigger brother. Take Mao, Stalin, and the socialist Nazi party for instance. Everyone knows in his or her heart that big brother is a fascist entity. Sometimes when they think big brother listens only to them, people tend

to forget that. The End.

I will now quickly explain why it is that Iraq is not as it seems, but may in fact be an act of cold genius. I will assert this as food for thought, which means that you, the reader, can choose to digest it, or allow your bias to pass it in whole. I have been working this idea for a long time now, and I believe it to be a novel theoretical metaphor.

Vietnam was launched with a lie by President Johnson with the Gulf of Tonkin incident. It was a messy business and many died. America's will to fight (even in defense) was diminished. Although many Americans died, the true enemy, communism, only grew stronger. You see, Vietnam was a trap all along. It was a fight we could not win. Kennedy was allowed to stand with the Cuban missile crisis, and this continues to help the communist cause. It was very successful publicity.

Eventually, Kennedy was removed from the equation, and Nixon got us out of Vietnam with a Cambodian diversion of resources. Much of the popular blame for Vietnam lies with Nixon (pun intended) due to propaganda sympathetic to the communist cause within our own nation. Nixon wasn't perfect, but he sure did the right thing in changing the course of Vietnam. Communists tend to adore Vietnam's effects, which is why they love to talk about it while scorning Nixon.

Moving to today, Russia has largely cleansed itself of Communism, and the new big Socialist interest is in America. Between Communism at home, and Islamic fundamentalism from abroad, the core of America is under attack. And no, Muslim

extremists will not ever be happy with us no matter what, so there is no appeasement to be had there. Most of them I have met are each individually crazier than Pat Robertson himself, and quite a bit more bloodthirsty and capable.

President "W" mentioned to National Security Adviser Rice in March/April of 2001 that he was "tired of swatting at flies" and, on the same occasion, declared that he wanted "to play offense. . . . take the fight to the terrorists."

The President's team already had plans for Iraq. Here is the metaphor that I believe to be somewhat novel: Iraq is a terrorist bug-zapper. Iraq was a pretty shitty place before we invaded. If you disagree with this, you need meds, or maybe just to fill your prescription. Iraq sucked under Saddam. On the other hand, the people of Iraq were some of the more educated in the region. Also, the region was surrounded by savages who would just as soon marry a few nine year olds and stone their mistress to death as fly an airplane into a building full of civilians who allow their women to have abortions. For the record, I find that characterization every bit as terrible as you likely do. Unfortunately, it is fairly accurate and inclusive, though not without exception.

Yes I am aware, Tim McVeigh, blah blah blah... Trying to paint McVeigh first as representative of American Christians, then as having committed a hate crime in the name of Christianity is ignorant and baseless. Tim McVeigh was painted as an avid Christian by the media. From what I can see, this isn't the case. This seems to be a common talking point and strategy among Socialists when

discussing Islamic fundamentalists however: change the subject and blame Christianity.

My aim is not to defend American Christianity however, but to argue that the war with Iraq has nothing to do with Christianity. The fact remains that invading Iraq may have been a brilliant strategy to lure in people who are either hostile, or on the edge of hostile toward American civilians of any denomination, and kill them. The alluring glow of this bug zapper entices even those stinging pests not yet in flight to come and be killed. This bug zapper is a dangerous contraption, best placed in the neighbors' yard. Sure, the neighbors' kids (civilians) get whacked now and again, but at least it's not happening over here. Besides, the bugs are coming from all around the neighbors' property (Iraq) anyhow, and that neighbor (Saddam) beats his wife, and lets his sons rape his daughters.

So you see, when the socialists effectively imply blame on Christians for 9/11 and the invasion of Iraq, they are hinting at a past Socialist solution to the problem of aggression. This was known as the final solution. Last time around, the socialists killed Christians alongside Jews in the concentration camps. They are up to the old tricks again. Hopefully they will be stopped at the propaganda and blame stage this time. Capitalists always need people to trade with, and Socialists always need some group to blame for the failings of Socialism. Remember the saying "First they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew?" Well that is a difference between a Communist and a Socialist. The Socialists want to single out the Christians first.

Contrary to what the media has been telling us, our bug-zapping machine is very effective and historically unrivaled in its discretion. When the death of just one single civilian is able to get national news coverage, as was recently the case, doesn't that show historically improved discretion?

In recovering Communist Russia, when they massacred an elementary school, killing 330 people in order to get 31 Chechnyans (who have fought communist occupation and genocide for decades), hardly an eye was blinked among Socialists. This single killing at the hands of a US soldier has the Socialist press screaming bloody murder however. In the states, we have someone blowing their head off at ground zero, and mobs of protestors. Apparently they still subscribe to the reasoning of Stalin: "A single death is a tragedy, a million deaths is a statistic." Perhaps this is why they don't seem to care about the mass graves we are discovering in Iraq.

So much for that "callous American" image Europe paints us with. I think America has a powerful conscience. The fact that so many Americans are willing to turn the other cheek to Muslim extremists and turn off our bug zapper shows that we are not the people that many claim we are. While the New York Times may portray the operations in Fallujah disparagingly, anyone who has ever played a first person shooter game has a crude understanding of how difficult a job it is to power that bug zapper with discretion. I don't know of a game as challenging as what my cousin was forced

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Redsneakers Journalism

SPEED RUNS, NOSTALGIA, AND THE ART OF GETTING GOLD STARS

by Jesse Erola

So for the past week or so, a Nintendo 64 has been hooked up in my room as my primary gaming console. For those of you less informed of game systems, the Nintendo 64 is an older system, released back in 1996. It had a slew of mediocre games, most of which were NES (Nintendo Entertainment System, original) favorites all superpowered by 3Dish graphics. Don't get me wrong; the N64 (as some call it) had some great games. Blast Corps, a game designed around using different construction vehicles (bulldozer, dump truck, giant robot) to clear a path for a controlled nuclear detonation, remains one of my favorite games to this date. 007 Goldeneye, I maintain, is the best FPS (First Person Shooter) ever. And let us not forget the reason that this antique is currently my primary source of entertainment: Super Mario 64. Mario 64 was (is) a great game, with a wonderful and imaginative world to explore. No other video game around could hope to compare with the majesty Mario commanded with his 64-bit game. So my friends and I played it, enjoyed it thoroughly, and then bought Playstations to play Final Fantasy. And so, Mario 64 was forgotten. Recently, however, I saw a speed run of Mario 64. For those of you not in the know, a speed run is a video, often posted online, of someone racing through any particular

game at uncanny speed. These runs typically involve divine precision, months of practice, and the utilization of as many glitches and secrets as possible to shave precious seconds off of the total run. Anyway, I saw a speed run of Mario 64, with a running time of 25 minutes. Now, allow me to explain to you some of the mechanics of Mario 64. In order to beat the game, you must advance through a large, segmented castle; your ultimate goal lying at the top. You start at ground level. Some doors, however, are locked, and need stars or keys to unlock. The shortest possible route to take to victory, then, involves getting 10 stars, fighting Bowser (he's evil), getting and using a key, getting 30 stars, fighting Bowser (still evil), getting and using a key, getting 50 stars, getting 70 stars, and finally beating Bowser once more (evil and angry) in order to rescue your Princess. Simple math will tell you that 70 stars alone in 25 minutes means that you have to get more than two stars every single minute in order to succeed. That is simply impossible. So I watch this video. Surely, this guy must do some wacky shit in order to make it up the whole castle, 70 stars in tow, in 25 minutes. Wacky shit, yes. 70 stars, hell no. He beat the game with 16. That's not even enough to get the second key! Crazy stuff, though. Through four exploits

(and lots of wacky not not glitchy shortcuts), this guy was able to beat the game in well under half an hour. Wow. I was inspired. I had to try to match the genius I witnessed. I'm happy to boast that I can do everything in the video now. With a bit more practice, I might even get his time.

The importance of this speed run for me on a personal level is different than simply the rush of beating a game quickly. You see, last year some friends of mine had seen speed runs of Metroid Prime, and spent DAYS mastering various types of fuckery to beat the game faster. The term "Samusing" came into our common vernacular. ("Samusing" being defined as such: any action commenced successfully that defies physics, logic, and ocular facilities in order to gain an unfair advantage.) I was envious of their exaltation at matching the masters of Samusing, and now I have my own game in which I excel at fucking over the engine. Though I do admit that having Mario "Samus" up a wall seems to be a bit of a contradiction.

Thanks for reading. You get a gold star for reading all the way through! You don't get it here, though. You only get it when you've got the balls to play Mario 64. There's 120 of them. Have fun, but you only need 16.



guy who has to wipe off these silly comments on the elevator walls every morning.

This simply does not add up for me. How is it possible that so many students can empathize with these distant 'little guys' (e.g. Small business and the Palestinian struggle) but are too shortsighted to see how their *chicken sex* is adversely affecting physical plant staff? The recent incident involving the truck of SAGA staff is another clear and deplorable manifestation of *chicken sex*.

Another eye-opener was the much heated debate on race politics this semester. As an active participant in the discussion on the *Daily Jolt* I think this debate amounted to something in the way of mutual *chicken sex* – a fairly bizarre but not an entirely unusual thing (a little like politics, actually).

Although it is tempting to dismiss this form of *chicken sex* as the result of ignorance, sigh, I think we are missing a finer

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point here. While debate of such a nature is necessarily fueled by ignorance, who will deny that it has served good ends? Firstly by enlightening students to their lack of knowledge on the subject – which, you would hope would encourage them to learn more – and then showing that *chicken sex* opinions on these subjects cause a lot of trouble that could easily be avoided by a cursory Google on 'affirmative-action.'

This may well prove a disappointment to people who must stoop to the level of *chicken sex* to prove their well-considered points. This, however, is necessitated by human nature and is not, I imagine, entirely dissimilar from what Professors do each semester when the same silly questions wear different faces. The burden of knowledge, it appears, is to make it ones duty to engage in *chicken sex*, but with noble intentions.

So, in showing those concerned that there are a lot of subtleties that they should con-

sider before they go about publicly disseminating their *chicken sex*, the result is that each group is more wary of the stances they adopt and their consequences. This also provides a disincentive for outbursts of *chicken sex*, the lack of which results in greater welfare for all concerned until it resurfaces and I'll have to sound even more arrogant and condescending on the *Jolt* (Similarly this gives Professors the appearance of wisdom, and more importantly, keeps them employed).

So, it appears that unilateral *chicken sex* is just downright dim-witted, but reciprocated *chicken sex* follows a cycle that some may interpret with pessimism but, as we've proven, has much reason for optimism as it keeps *chicken sex* shackled and prevents it from being manifested in a tangible and pernicious way. Once again, it isn't too different from a relationship.

Happy Holidays.



Editorial, continued

hate me!"

So, are we going to love our neighbors, even the -gasp- Christians who might actually -gasp- agree with us, or are we going to gag and run away every time Christ, God, or the Bible arises in a discussion?

It might not be the precise angle that we're going for, but it is notable that one group still fighting against the (somewhat unspoken) dogma and new "mandate" of the current administration is part of the same group that many blame for the mess in the first place.



continued from page 8 IS IRAQ A GOOD IDEA?

to face in Iraq. We are to believe both that most of Iraq is hostile to us, and that we suffered mass casualties in Fallujah.

These claims do not reconcile. Either the citizens are not against us as we are told they are, or we have lost remarkably few soldiers considering how hated we are supposed to be by Iraqis. It can't go both ways.

I will withhold my own judgment on the prudence of our bug zapper. I suggest you take lesson from Ron and see the trees of my argument for its forest. As was said in Anchorman: "When in Rome." I just had to put that in.

Prudence and morality notwithstanding, our bug zapper is quite the political, economic, and military accomplishment, isn't it? If it were intended as a bug zapper all along, it is nothing short of amazing. I think so, now that I can see it. Iraq happened.

Was it a dumb idea? I'm not so sure anymore. Has it pissed off the Socialists? Absolutely. Are terrorists and would-be terrorists getting killed? You bet. Are Iraqi civilians getting killed? Nothing new there, let's just hope it ends soon.



SECTION LIES

A TRUE STORY



"One week left!!!!!!" exclaimed her calendar.

Actually, it didn't really exclaim it, it just stood out, in the way that only lines on paper can when you have a deadline and no motivation. She tried to get up enough panic about failing Hampshire to close the web browser, currently resting on Sinfest and Live Journal. But the panic would not come, she had relaxed too much over Thanksgiving, she had managed to convince herself over that fantastic week that she had enough time to do everything she needed to do. It seemed she had been too good at convincing herself, because now there was nowhere near enough time, and the drive would not come.

What had happened to her work ethic? What had happened to her drive that now drove her to waste her life watching other people play video games?

on, you used the work of your friends what's happened? You'll be here five years if this up." That to force her some readings she hadn't managed to get to at the beginning of the semester. It wasn't like this last year, her first year. She had spent the year stressed out and gathering her portfolio together the day she got to college. If she missed an assignment, she would not sleep until she had completed it and all the assignments for the next week.

What had happened to her work ethic? What had happened to her drive that now drove her to waste her life watching other people play video games? Then she knew that it would only get worse. She was a Hampshire student, a REAL Hampshire student now. This meant that she had a week to study, research and complete ALL 4 of her final papers and self evaluations, somehow managing to justify the 12 weeks of wasted time and wasted talent, when she had no desire at all to do it.

"Oh god!" her mind screamed "what have I done?"

Suddenly, she woke up, convinced it was all a nightmare, then saw the scattered bits of half completed portfolios on her floor, and decided that it was time to

freak out, it was her only hope.

To Be Continued.....

by Lella Higgins

"Come to have ethic of all combined, opened? for another you keep was enough to dabble in

FICTION, POETRY, SATIRE, AND OTHER STUFF



IN THE SEARCH OF TRUTH: A BRIEF FORAY INTO PERFECTLY NORMAL SIDE OF A PERFECTLY NORMAL RELATIONSHIP

Mary is crouched over a crossword puzzle, drinking what appears to be wine. There is a bottle of what appears to be wine by her side. She is doing a crossword puzzle. George enters from offstage. He is carrying two lukewarm pieces of toast.

George: I was trying to make toast; that thing kept talking.

Mary: What thing?

George: Whatever it is you keep in that attic of yours.

Mary: You didn't go in, did you?

George: No. You said I wasn't supposed to.

Mary: Oh, good.

George: But it kept saying things... like-

Mary: (cuts George off mid sentence, quite abruptly.) Do you know a twelve letter word for "dissociate?"

George: Mary, it was asking for help.

Mary: Except, it has to be backwards.

George: Mary, last I checked, people don't teach parrots to ask for help. What's going on?

Mary: Because the clue was "a dyslexic dissociation."

George: noitaicossid.

Mary: Without thinking, Mary jumps on George, pinning him to the floor, and hisses.

Mary: Where did you learn such speak, mortal!

George: grasps Mary by the shoulders firmly, yet gently.

George: Mary, that's "dissociation" backwards.

Mary: Well, of course it is. Thanks for the tip, darling.

Mary: Mary goes back to her crossword puzzle, while George struggles to his feet.

George: Mary, this might seem like a stupid question...

Mary: George, it's late.

George: But, well, uh...

Mary: checks George's watch.

Mary: Its 3:37 AM. Work starts in less than 6 hours.

George: Are you a serial killer?

Mary: looks at George, confused at first, and then begins giggling.

Mary: No, of course not George! You have some imagination, darling.

George: Then why do you have a human being locked up in your attic.

George: is answered by silence. Mary takes a deep breath. She stands up and approaches George. She looks deep into his eyes. They kiss. Then she shakes her head.

Mary: Do you want the short answer of the long answer?

George: sits down on a pile of arcane books.

George: The long answer. I think you owe me that.

Mary: You can't handle the long answer. Not yet.

George: The short answer then.

Mary: It isn't a human being. Well, not exactly.

George: Then what is it?

Mary: I can't tell you that.

George: Why not?

Mary: Honey, let's go to bed. There isn't much time left.

George: Yeah... about that.

Mary: Yes?

George: The whole going to bed thing...

Mary: Is something wrong?

George: Well, it's just that the wounds are getting worse.

Mary: Honey, that's to be expected. It's our way.

George: Whose way?

Mary: Am I causing you too much discomfort?

George: Well, no, I guess not. I'm just a little concerned is all...

Mary: Excellent. Then it isn't really a problem then.

George: It's just sort of weird. I'm not used to, well, you know...

Mary: I know you aren't, honey. That's why I love you.

George: Because I'm naive and inexperienced?

Mary: Well... not just because you're naive and inexperienced.

George: Thanks.

George: lies in the floor, and looks at the ceiling.

Mary: There are other reasons.

George: Like what, for example.

Mary: pauses, and looks around. She takes a swig from the bottle. She looks around again. She nods.

Mary: George, I think it's time.

George: Time for what, Mary?

Mary: For me to show you. For you to find out.



Dear Santa:

I WANT A PSY
AND A NEW PRINTER
AND A LESS SHITTY
MAC.

I have been
good this

year
from

THE OMEN